

The DARKWOOD MYSTERY

By WILL LIENBEE.

It was the day of the trial—the day on which a beautiful young woman should answer to the hideous charge of murder. The mystery that enveloped the case, and the sensational character of it, made it the topic of the hour, and never before in its history had the village of Darkwood seen such a crowd.

The body of the murdered man rested in the private burying-ground at Pine Hill, and the beautiful suspect was held a prisoner in the village jail.

Gilbert March still remained in the village, and daily he visited the prison. He urged her to become his wife at once, that he might have the right to protect her and procure the necessary legal assistance in the case; but she would not permit him to do so.

"You must wait till my innocence is established," she said, with the deepest emotion. "I cannot permit you to make what would now be a sacrifice. When you know all—when my lips are free to tell the whole story—then, if you should still desire me for your wife, it shall be as you say."

And she would say no more. Whatever the mystery was that enveloped her in its dark meshes; whatever the circumstances that connected her with the dreadful deed of murder, she would not reveal. Yet, convinced of her innocence, Gilbert was content to wait.

The strangest part of the matter was the fair prisoner's refusal to employ any attorney for her defense, announcing that she would plead her own case.

But, unknown to her, Gilbert had immediately wired to New York for his attorneys, Dillon & Bates, and the senior member of the firm, Gideon Dillon, came by the first train.

The old lawyer took up his quarters at the inn, and he and Gilbert were in hourly consultation.

Together they went over the papers filed in the case, and the old lawyer was forced to admit that it looked rather black for the fair prisoner.

"If we could only have her confidence in the case," he said, with much vexation, "we might be able to make a respectable fight, but what the devil is one to do with a stubborn woman when she once sets her head up to be contrary? By Jupiter! I'll stake my life on her innocence, but that isn't going to clear her. Can't you get her to come to her senses and open her mouth?"

Gilbert shook his head. "It is no use," he said. "We must let her have her own way."

The County Attorney evidently anticipated an easy victory, and went into the case as if he were master of the situation.

Just before the case was called, Detective Fix came to Gilbert and said: "I wish you would speak to Miss Bennington. I have just had an interview with her, and I think she will consent to your friend, Mr. Dillon, appearing as her attorney."

Gilbert went and saw her at once, and half an hour later, when he came back, he announced to Dillon that the case had been placed in his hands.

Then Fix was close to her for nearly an hour with Gilbert and the old lawyer, and when the case opened the detective sat close by Dillon's side.

The first witness called was the landlord of the Blue Stag, who was the last to discover the murder. In his statement he told of the arrival of the deceased at the Blue Stag, and of the subsequent arrival of the person giving the name of Leslie Rusk, and continuing, he gave, in detail, the facts of the case as they have already been given to the reader. The next witness called was the landlord's wife, who corroborated her husband's testimony. When old Mr. Newton, the woodcutter, was called to take the stand, Dillon asked:

"What do you desire to prove by this witness?"

"We shall prove, if you please," said the County Attorney, "that the prisoner came to the house of the witness between the hours of 2 and 3 o'clock, on the night of the murder, dressed in man's attire."

"Then you had as well take time by not putting the witness on the stand," replied Dillon.

"Will you please state your reason for making so remarkable a statement?" said the Prosecuting Attorney.

"We shall admit all you claim to want to prove."

"You will?"

"Yes."

"Perhaps you will also admit that it was the prisoner who came to the Blue Stag Inn on the night of the murder, dressed in man's attire, and giving her name as Leslie Rusk?"

"We also admit that," replied Dillon, composedly.

The Prosecuting Attorney was not pleased. He looked at Dillon scornfully. "Perhaps," he said, deliberately, "that, as you are so ready to make admissions, you will admit that the prisoner purchased a bottle of liquor at the store of Brown & Price?"

"We also admit that," replied Dillon. "You do?"

"Certainly; you surely heard what I said."

"Then you will probably admit that the prisoner placed morphine in the liquor?" asked the Prosecuting Attorney.

"Yes," answered Dillon, with perfect composure, "we are ready to admit that, too."

"The attorney for the State was thunderstruck with amazement. He glanced from Dillon to the prisoner, unable to understand the strange drift. He felt sure that something was being held in ambush, something that would bring him to his knees at any moment—and he wanted to be prepared for it."

The justice, before whom the preliminary hearing had taken place, was Benjamin Stubbins, a man of middle age, and of his appearance at the fair prisoner; then at her attorney.

"This is a remarkable admission," he said, turning to Miss Bennington. "And I should like to hear from her own lips if she is willing to make the admission."

"I do," she replied.

The justice looked at her aghast.

The Prosecuting Attorney was an expression that was a strange mixture of triumph and amazement.

He felt that there might be a trap concealed in all this business, and that he might fall into it at any moment.

Some other witnesses were called and gave their testimony, and when the prosecution had finished, Mrs. Gluck, the wife of the landlord, was called on the stand for the defense.

The Prosecuting Attorney smiled at this and waited with passive demeanor for what might come.

After the preliminary questions had been asked, Dillon leaned back in his chair and surveyed the witness calmly.

"Mrs. Gluck," he said, "I shall ask you to tell the court if you are now, or have recently been, the possessor of a black cat?"

"If it please the court, we object," interrupted the prosecution. "The question is incompetent, and has nothing to do with the case."

"I propose to show that it has a very close connection with the case," said Dillon, "and it is of vital importance to this defendant that the question be answered."

The Prosecuting Attorney smiled incredulously.

The justice nodded to Dillon.

"You can answer the question," he said to the witness.

"Yes," said the owner of a black cat, replied Mrs. Gluck.

"You say you were the owner of a black cat," said Dillon. "Do you not, then, still possess it?"

"No, sir."

"What has become of it?"

"I do not know."

"When did you see it last?"

"I will now ask you to explain to the

court how you know that the wound was inflicted after death," said Dillon.

"That is something that any physician, if he would take the trouble to make an examination, could easily answer. The wound showed no coagulated blood about it—and there was no indication of a flow of blood through the severed tissue which would have been the result had the wound been inflicted on the victim while living."

A sarcastic laugh came from the Prosecuting Attorney.

"I should like to ask a question," he broke in.

"Certainly, if you desire," said Dillon. "How do you account for the blood on the clothing and on the furniture in the room?"

"I made a microscopic examination of the blood on the clothing of the victim," said the doctor, "and found that it was not human blood, but the blood of some animal."

A visible sneer curled the lips of the Prosecuting Attorney.

He leaned over toward Dillon and said: "This brings us around to the cat, I suppose?"

Dillon smiled good humoredly.

Allow me to congratulate you on your remarkable penetration," he said, with a dry smile. Then he turned to the witness. "How long had the blood been in the breast of the victim?" he asked of the doctor.

"It would be impossible for me to say as to that, but it was done after all life was extinct."

Thus the story was finished, and the mystery that had been the sensation of the village and surrounding country was at an end.

As Col. Withers attempted to leave the court room he fell senseless on the floor, and was carried to the inn. When life returned to him he was hopelessly insane, and died a month later.

It was the belief of those who knew him that he had not been in his right mind since the trial, and that he had been driven mad by the knowledge of the truth.

She and Gilbert March are now married and living happily in one of the great cities of the East, far away from the place where she had endured and suffered so much.

(The End.)

Blood and brain have everything to do with each other. Your mental and physical powers are governed by the condition of the vital fluid. If it fails to nourish the organs of the body, your supply of brain power is largely diminished, and you are liable to become a nervous wreck.

Dr. Peter's Blood Vitalizer will set things going right again. Not a drug-store medicine. Sold only by special agents or the proprietor direct. Address: Dr. Peter's Pharmacy, 112-113 S. Hoyne Ave., Chicago, Ill.

WANTS VINDICATION.
Gen. Lew Wallace Asks It of the Army of the Tennessee.

The chief incident in the meeting of the Army of the Tennessee at Indianapolis was the reading and discussion of a letter written by Gen. Lew Wallace, of Crawfordsville. The letter was read by Gen. Hickenlooper, Corresponding Secretary of the Society, and was an acknowledgment of the courtesy and kindness of the Society in inviting Gen. Wallace to become a member.

Gen. Wallace set out that he had been a member of the Society, and had several meetings for the reason that he found in the Society at that time many of the leading officers of the Army of the Tennessee, and that he was interested in the discussion that grew out of the battle at Shiloh. Gen. Wallace said he would become a member if the Society would accept him as such.

Gen. Hickenlooper said that the Society had never in any shape or form voiced the charges of which Gen. Wallace complained.

After some discussion Gen. Russell A. Alger suggested that the letter be acknowledged in a kindly manner, and that the letter itself be published in the official record.

"I think," said President Dodge, "we shall have to publish the letter."

No further action was taken.

WHAT SHALL WE EAT
To Keep Healthy and Strong?

A healthy appetite and common sense are essential to the following to maintain a fine and a mixed diet of grains, fruits and meats is undoubtedly the best, in spite of the

claims of the "fads" of the day. It is fifteen minutes the lawyer returned. "If it please the court," he said, "I shall now introduce another witness whose presence will in itself be sufficient testimony to establish the innocence of Miss Bennington, who stands falsely accused of murder."

As he ceased speaking a man, wearing a heavy black beard, was ushered forward by the stranger who had entered and the detective. As he took his seat in the witness box he lifted his hand and removed the heavy false beard that covered his features.

The landlord of the Blue Stag uttered a gasp of amazement and sat staring at the witness as if he had been an apparition.

"God have mercy on us—it's Col. Withers come to life!" gasped Mrs. Gluck, trembling with excitement.

The witness stood up from his seat, and the immense crowd that had collected to witness the trial was moved as if by an electric shock.

From lip to lip the word flew. It passed to those about the door, and was soon proclaimed throughout the village. Never before had the little town been so shaken by any event. Col. Withers was alive!

He had been in the witness box for some time, and the crowd of citizens who had gathered to witness the trial were now looking at him with interest and admiration.

I saw that I must go away from the Hall. So, charging her to remain silent, I packed the dead body of my brother in one of my large trunks and went to the inn, where I hoped to be able to avoid the crowd of curious onlookers without detection. But my niece, seeing that nothing she could say would avail anything, was still determined to save me from the hands of the law. She came to my room, dressed in a suit of man's attire, she followed me, and took lodgings at the Blue Stag Inn, where I had stopped for the night. Fearing that she would not be able to follow me in my attempt, without exposing me to the world, she conceived the idea of dressing me, and to this end she procured a drug and bottle of brandy at the village store, and I penetrated her disguise and so her plans failed. In despair she left the inn, and when she was gone I carried out the dreadful business without interruption, placing a cat into my room. I killed it, and removing the body of my dead brother from the trunk, which I had carried into my room, I placed the body of the cat in the trunk, and the awful task was done. I should have returned then at all hazards to free her from the dreadful suspicion. This is the whole story. I have been recanting myself of a heinous crime, but am willing to pay the penalty of my guilt."

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CHAT OF THE CORRIDORS.

Last week the President appointed, as one of the 10 Justices of the Peace of the District of Columbia, Gen. Halbert E. Paine, who served during the war as Colonel of the 1st Cavalry. He became Brigadier-General of the volunteers and was breveted Major-General for bravery at the siege of Fort Hudson, Tex., in 1862. He served three terms in Congress, was Commissioner of Patents in this city. He has practiced law in this city. He is regarded as an able man and an accomplished attorney. A number of Senators and other high officials endorsed his application for appointment.

Col. John S. Harwood, of Richmond, Chairman of the National Legislative Committee of the (Transvaal) Protective Association of this country, called at the White House last week in the interest of the bill which has been pending in Congress several years providing for a Department of Commerce, with a Cabinet officer at its head. The association had a bill introduced in Congress four years ago, and it was favorably reported in both Houses. The bill was passed by the House, but it was not passed by the Senate. It is believed that President Roosevelt will make a favorable recommendation of this proposed department in his coming message.

Secretary Long renews his recommendation of last year, that the office of Vice-Admiral be revived, for whose special benefit he does not say, but presumably for Rear-Admiral Sampson.

After six and one-half years' service as a member of the United States Civil Service Commission, Maj. John B. Harlow retired from that position last week, and was succeeded by Mr. William D. Dudley, of Indiana. Maj. Harlow served four years in the 4th Ill. and rose to be a Second Lieutenant. Last Friday the commission presented him with a handsome silver service. The gift was accompanied by an engrossed testimonial stating that the retiring officer was held in high esteem by all attached to the Commission and carrying hopes of future prosperity. Commissioner Rodeburg, Chief Examiner Servey and Law Clerk Wales were the committee having the matter in charge. The presentation was made at the residence of Maj. Harlow.

PERSONAL.

Thomas E. Longenecker, who was well known as a detective throughout the country, died Nov. 7 at his home in Brooklyn. He was born in Illinois, and served throughout the war in the 60th Ill. He was promoted to the rank of Major. Going into newspaper work he was employed on the New York Times, the New York Sun, the Chicago Times, the St. Louis Globe-Democrat, and other papers. From newspaper work he went to the United States Secret Service, and for many years was in charge of the Western Division.

Hon. Franklin Murphy, whom the Republicans have elected Governor of New Jersey, enlisted in July, 1862, in the 13th N. J., leaving his studies in the Newark Academy to do so. He was promoted to corporal in Co. B, the next month, and the next year received a Second Lieutenant's commission. Feb. 24, 1864, he was promoted to First Lieutenant, and came home with the regiment as such. The 13th N. J., of which Gen. E. A. Carr was Colonel, was attached to the Third Brigade, First Division, Twelfth Corps, and began its fighting at South Mountain. After Gettysburg it went West, took part in the Atlanta campaign, and had its last fight at Bentonville, N. C. It numbered 947 when it left the field, and received 444 recruits. It lost 74 killed and 44 by disease. Gov. Murphy is President of the 13th N. J. Regimental Association.

Col. Russell B. Harrison, son of former President Benjamin Harrison, was admitted to practice before the County, State Supreme and Federal Courts at Indianapolis, on the motion of former United States Attorney-General W. H. Miller. He has low party prejudices, and is a former law partner of the late ex-President Harrison, and State Attorney-General Taylor. Col. Harrison will open a law office in Indianapolis, and it is said that he will devote his time to the study of the law. He is a graduate of the Indiana College of Law. Col. Harrison, in reply to an inquiry, said: "This consummation of a long-cherished desire, and the fact that I have been able to do so, is a source of great satisfaction to me. I shall carry out my intention to fight to the end the unjust and unwarranted treatment meted out to me by the Department. To this successfully I found it necessary to have a complete training in law, and I have, therefore, since my father's sudden sickness and death, devoted all my time to completing my final studies and examinations, thereby rounding out my law studies in work and experience as Inspector-General and Professor of Law at the Indiana College of Law. The establishment and maintenance of civil and military Governments in Cuba and Porto Rico."

Under the head of "A Day with Mrs. Sherwood" the Toledo Times has a fine picture of a long sketch of its distinguished townsman, who has filled so large a space in the literature of the country, the life of the G. A. R. and W. R. C. and who is well known to all readers of The National Tribune. As a graceful writer of prose and verse, and as an assiduous worker in great movements, Mrs. Sherwood occupies a grand place in the hearts of a wide circle of friends.

An unusual honor has just been conferred upon the accomplished wife of Gen. E. Burd Grubb, of Edgewater Park, N. J., the Queen of the Order. It is known as the Order of Noble Ladies of Maria Luisa, and was conferred upon Mrs. Grubb because of her popularity at the Spanish Court during the time that her husband was Minister to Spain. She is the first American woman to be thus honored, and there are but four English-speaking women entitled to wear the emblem of the Order.

The funeral of the late Mrs. Grubb succeeded to the place made vacant by the death of an Austrian Grand Duchess. The Order was established in 1861, and since that time it has been a source of great pleasure to its members. The insignia, a handsome gold and silver enameled cross, is topped with a golden laurel wreath. In between the crosses are the "castle and lion" of Spain, and the Order is a purple and white ribbon, the colors of the Order, at the top, in the shape of a bow, and is carried pendant to a long ribbon of the same colors, and a point at the shoulders and to a point at the waist.

Gen. Napoleon B. McLaughlin, North Leverett, Mass., writes: "I have been interested in the book 'Fifty Years Ago' and when I saw what he wrote about Napoleon B. McLaughlin, I had the impression that he was connected with one of our Massachusetts regiments, but I did not look it up until I saw the article by Conrad John A. Brooks in the issue of The National Tribune of Oct. 10. I find upon examining the facts that he was a member of the 57th Mass., and served with that regiment until Aug. 10, 1865, when he was mustered out as Brevet Brigadier-General. Does the editor of The National Tribune know his subsequent career?"

(He was breveted Major, May 3, 1863, for gallant and meritorious services in the battle of Chancellorsville. Lieutenant-Colonel, July 2, 1863, for gallant and meritorious service in the battle of Gettysburg; Colonel, March 13, 1865, for gallant and meritorious service during the assault on Fort Steadman. Brigadier-General, March 13, 1865, for gallant and meritorious service in the field during the war, and Brigadier-General of Volunteers, Sept. 20, 1864. He was a private and distinguished services at Poplar Grove Church. After the war he re-entered the Regular Service. He was commissioned Major of the 1st Regt. S. A. May 17, 1876, and retired June 1, 1877. He died Jan. 27, 1887.—Editor National Tribune.)

President Roosevelt—His Books a Source of Considerable Revenue.

(Julian Ralph, in the New York Mail and Express.)

It is not difficult to make me believe anything good of President Roosevelt, and I want to believe what I read of him in a friendly newspaper the other day. That is the statement that up to his becoming President his income was only \$5,000 a year. His wife's similar income was also mentioned, and in that case, truly, dear fellow-scribes, we ought to draw the line somewhere, and the inner edge of the line ought to be at a man's hearthstone.

I want to believe that the President lived on \$100 a week all his life because it is creditable to him, and it would convey to us that our new President is one of the simplest and most modest of the great men of our generation. But I have a private and most excellent reason for believing that his income was larger. And I have another reason besides, which is that he could not possibly have managed on the sum stated. A thing of a President's income is a quarter of a million of money, which at 4 per cent. would return him \$10,000 a year income. That would not be nearly sufficient to maintain the tastes, the comforts and the position in society to which he was born. For our President was not born to ride or primitive conditions, but came into the world a member of a proud stock in a great capital possessing in those days especially—an exclusive and elevated society. From his majority until now he has maintained his place in that circle with a town-house more of the time and a country house, with the minor elegances, the books, the companions and the amusements called for by his training.

Far from there, a thing of a President's income is a quarter of a million of money, which at 4 per cent. would return him \$10,000 a year income. That would not be nearly sufficient to maintain the tastes, the comforts and the position in society to which he was born. For our President was not born to ride or primitive conditions, but came into the world a member of a proud stock in a great capital possessing in those days especially—an exclusive and elevated society. From his majority until now he has maintained his place in that circle with a town-house more of the time and a country house, with the minor elegances, the books, the companions and the amusements called for by his training.

Whatever has been President Roosevelt's income, the nature of his necessities has made it very small, and he has been obliged to live thrifty and modestly. What a man has in this world is not what it costs him to live decently. What he has is what he has, and above all, he has a sense of duty. A man's means are like a business man's profits—they are "what is left over."

That is the true view of the case, and in that light the President has ever been a poor man.

In addition to his small income from his estate he has enjoyed occasional seasons under salaries for public services. His salary as Governor of New York was \$12,000 a year. But this source of his revenue has been less than what he has earned with his pen. Fortunately for all of us who read good books, and for the cause of literature and for his capacity to enjoy the making of books, he has been obliged to turn to literature almost everything he has known and done. He has written his ranching experiences, he has immortalized his experience as a hunter, he has cashed his knowledge of his native city in the form of a history, he has turned his hours of pleasant study into new literature, and he has made a book of his short and spirited experience as a soldier. Besides, he has written a history of the Naval War of 1812, "Winning the West," and many other popular books. His necessities and his literary gifts joined hands in forcing him to do this. And it is well for us that this was the case.

Thus has Theodore Roosevelt rounded out this much of an active, useful, exemplary life. He has given us the benefit of his good birth and strict training whenever he has been called upon to do so. He has given us a model of a young man of means a needed example in choosing a public career. He has emphasized this in exchanging the civil for the military service when war was afoot. He has done everything that was good and true and worthy, but he has not lived on \$5,000 a year.

Free to Ladies

One Full-locked \$5.00 Package of Dr. Mary Lock's Wonderful Home Treatment Given Free to Every Lady.

Cures Every Form of Female Weakness, Displacement, Leucorrhoea, Suppressed or Painful Menstruation, Falling of the Womb, Change of Life, etc.

The celebrated lady specialists have decided for a short time to give free, one full-locked \$5.00 package to every suffering woman in the city.

Two of America's greatest lady specialists, in order to quickly introduce their most wonderful remedy in every city, town and ham